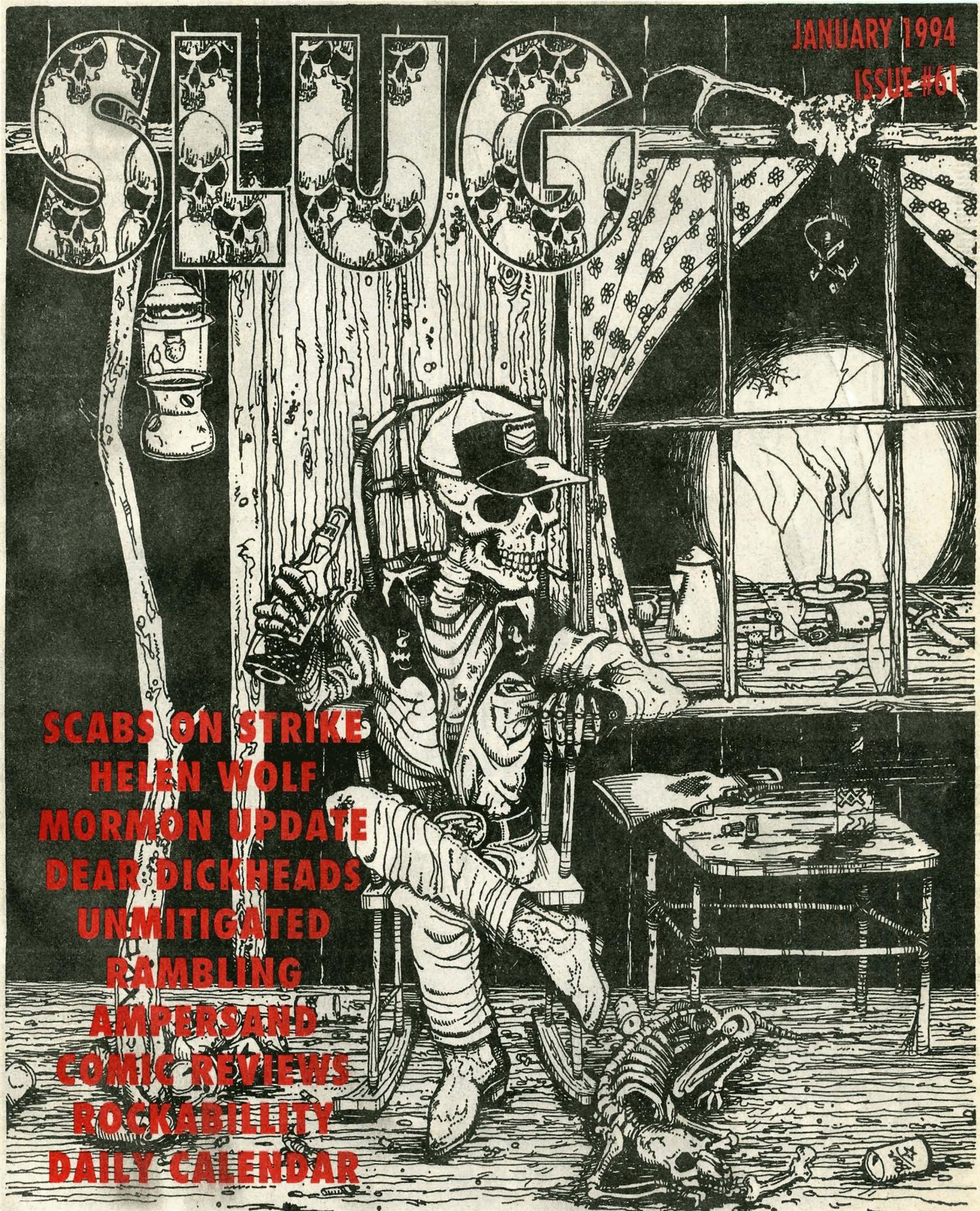
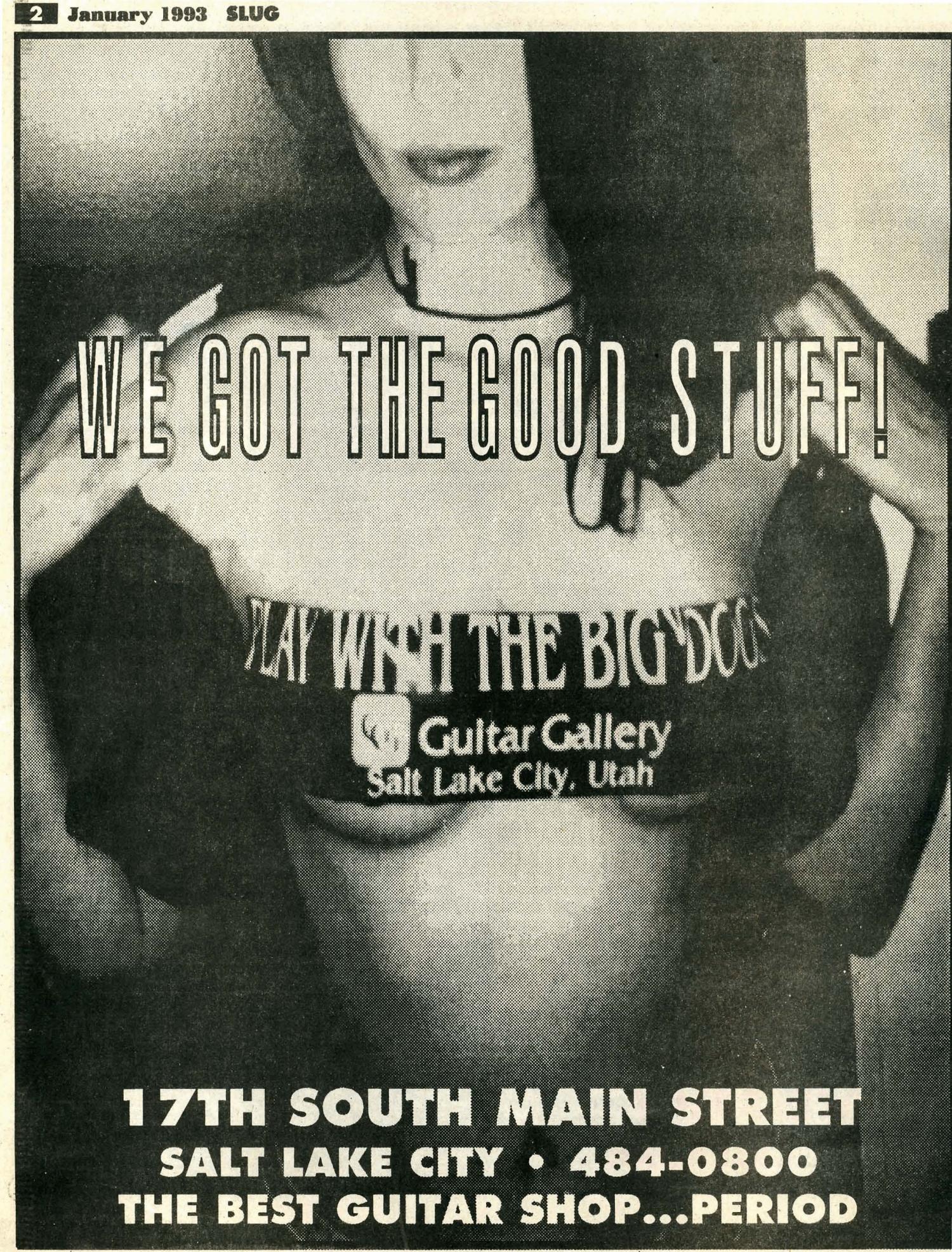


JANUARY 1994
ISSUE #61

SLUG

**SCABS ON STRIKE
HELEN WOLF
MORMON UPDATE
DEAR DICKHEADS
UNMITIGATED
RAMBLING
AMPERSAND
COMIC REVIEWS
ROCKABILITY
DAILY CALENDAR**





WE GOT THE GOOD STUFF!

PLAY WITH THE BIG DOGS



Guitar Gallery
Salt Lake City, Utah

17TH SOUTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY • 484-0800
THE BEST GUITAR SHOP...PERIOD

SLUG

JANUARY 1994

Vol. 6 Iss. 1 • #61

PUBLISHER

J.R. Ruppel

ASSOC. EDITOR

Jon Shuman

COPY EDITOR

Fred Hill

PHOTO EDITOR

Robert DeBerry

CARTOON

T.L. Miller

CONTRIBUTING**WRITERS**

Chris Salisbury

Helen Wolf

Scott Vice

Jeff Reptile

Stimboy

William Athey

Uncle Ezra

OUR THANKS

Lara, Beth Sutton, Private Eye,
Jon T., Dave Hendrickson, Kris,
Margi Alban, Chopper, Jo
Yaffe, Clark W., P.K.

SPECIAL THANKS

Malle

SLUG is published by the 5th of each month.
The writing is contributed by free-lance writers.
The writing in the paper is the opinion of the
writers and is not necessarily that of the people
who put it together. The topics included are
also contributed. If you don't agree with what
we say or you feel something is missing then
you should do something about it - write. All
submissions must be received no later than
the 25th of the preceding month. We try not to
edit any of the writing that is sent. We ask that
you keep your writing short and to the point
as it gives us more room for more people's
writing. We thank you for your continued support
and hope we can do this for a very long time.

Thank You
SLUG Staff

Send Us Your Stuff**SLUG STAFF****P.O. Box 1061****Salt Lake City, Utah****84110-1061****Need More Info****(801) 468-6294**

© 1994 SLUG Productions

ON THE COVER

This month's cover was drawn by Cody, lead singer for Birdman. You may also notice that he did the artwork on the Raunch ad on the back page.

If you are an artist, draw us a cover. It must be black & white. Color must be separate. It must be no larger than 8 1/2 X 11. You can design a logo or leave a space for us to put one in. You don't have to use our logo.

If your cover is chosen you will be compensated. Please send a contact number. Send to us or drop off at Raunch.

SLUG AD RATES

1/16	\$25.00
1/8	\$40.00
1/6	\$50.00
1/4	\$70.00
1/3	\$85.00
1/2	\$100.00
FULL	\$175.00

Prices are subject to change. We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone. Special rates are available for long term contracts. We also give bands and independent record manufacturers a special discount. Ad prices include all layout and design of ads. Ad 15% for color on ad. (Some extra charges may apply-but almost never do.) We also offer multiple pages for special inserts.

**SLUG
AD SALES
(801) 468-6294**

WORD SEARCH

CAIGEJLFDSROBHGIEAD
LCMBEKNCTKSOIAHNNETC
TLBOXCARKIDSGEALBBKJ
FOLDTNAIENFLPTHSJWGC
GCJHPNLCDNNNSRCEPIAJOM
HKBVGSUHUBATNITMRIN
GSKELRVSGOYFXKIHFKE
NERMTHGISONIOLFMGDL
ISMECLAHGEKGWREJAIR
LSENOBRUASONIDSKOAC
LTBQPAVVVRNJBONIRF
IEMORDYSOHADIAIOGOA
WNNASYNWCVLLEHDNCMR
SCOMMONPLACETEQRGH
MHCOMDKWNBQETMAFSL
IMFLHEIDHSWEERHINOS
TASCOLOURTHEORYIGOEM
CETQAESDAEHTOGGAMKH
IYSMARKCJACKMANDJGL
VBJFTSIRHCRETGHUALSS

SLUG COVER BANDS

BOXCAR KIDS
(THE) STENCH
SKIN 'N' BONES
VICTIMS WILLING
(THE) CLOCKS
DINOSAUR BONES
INSIGHT
MARK C. JACKMAN
BAD YODELERS
WONDERCRASH

SLAUGHTERCHRIST
STRANGERS
COMMONPLACE
HATE TIMES NINE
IDAHO SYNDROME
ROAD FRISBEE
SWEET RHINO
MAGGOTHEADS
SWIM HERSCHEL SWIM
COLOUR THEORY

TLMiller Presents CONVERSATIONS FEATURING DEB AND TODD



DEAR DICKHEADS

Dear Dick (I love that word) Heads.

This goes to the little Billy Milano wanna be idiot from last month. What is this "heavy scene" shit you talk so proudly of? Do you know what is heavy or are you too busy tossing your ugly, pre-pubescent, head around to the growly sounds of Sepultura? Where were you when the people you so proudly rip on were at shows seeing shit so fucking "Heavy" (if that's all that's cool or something Dude, Man, Huh Huh!)? You'd probably be shocked into reaching puberty! I'll tell you where sucking your dinner from mommy. You did a nice job of fucking with one of Salt Lakes best bands-Red #5. Have you ever heard them? (Stupid question)-or did you just decide they are "Fags" and instantly decide to hate them. I know for a fact that they are not (Damn!). In fact to prove it, ask your mom who your REAL father is. As for your use of the words, Fag, and Queer all through this thing you wrote. It seems to me that in my experience on this subject, it's always the one who can't get away from this, calling of names, taunting and violence that is hiding something. Isn't it a little dark in your closet? Little scared? It's OK. Pussy Boy, you can come out. I know about you blowing Cannibal Corpse! To all this geeks little friends, watch-in five years (nope) 10 years, on his twenty first birthday infact, I will be doing some dancing at the Sun with himmmm, can't wait! OK. Now onto another of your stupidities. What is this "underground" shit. Please! You buy your music from Sound-Off, then play it on your 24 disc changer through your Pioneer Rack system all the while standing in the mirror, growling the OH SO INTELLIGENT-Lyrics while grooming your Lengthy Crankage! Ha! You want underground? Sorry, it's gone and we were there to see it leave. We tried to check you out of school in time to be there but you were napping! Tell you what though, you might still be able to order in some real "underground" music. Why don't you start with something like, well, Rudimentary Peni, Crass, Butthole Surfers etc. etc.-Never heard of them? Figures! Well I'm tired and my lover wants me in bed. He's so demanding (yes, I said that with a Lisp). So I'll sign off. Till we meet again I'll leave you with a big greasy, fisting, butt fucking, Cock Sucking, Cum Guzzling, Fuck You!

Love

Flutter Bunny

Oh by the way, my lover is J.R. Ruppel! What an Adonis!

Dear Grind Boy,

I think I love you. When I read

your letter in last months issue I could all but taste the testosterone as it flowed off the page. I was further seduced by your obviously advanced levels of education and social consciousness, along with your mastery of the English language. The combination of which left me quivering with desire and daydreaming of being inside you.

Please. I implore you. Come to our next show, so after we can talk, get to know each other. Then maybe later, if I think you are "Heavy" enough I'll let you tongue my asshole while you call me a fucking faggot and I spank you with a Slayer record. You know what I like BABY.

Hugs & Kisses
Dan Fonoti (my real name)
from Red #5

P.S. -Sarcasm-

Have someone look it up,
read and explain it to you.

SORRY, THIS LETTER WAS OVERLOOKED IN THE LAST ISSUE

Dear Dickheads,

This letter is directed to Jon Titus in the November issue. The man that hunts to kill. Fuck you! Next year, to make the sport fair, we'll take your oh-so-powerful 30.06 away and let you go at those innocent eyes bare-handed. Then we'll see who the tough guy really is. It's only fair, right? Maybe you're too big a pussy to do the prison time you talk so fondly of.

And, if you don't even like the meat, where do you get off calling people vegetable eating hippies? You eat them too, right? If you sincerely miss all that tough male-bonding shit, you're obviously too insecure for your own good. I've got the answer for your wanting to shoot a person without the jail-time. Next time you are sitting alone, missing all that tough guyshit because all your pals are down at Bandaloops where it's safe, pull out your extremely dangerous 30.06. After further a-do, stick the cute-little thing up your fluctuant ass, and pull the trigger, we'll see what happens. The outcome: you just shot a person, something you've always wanted to do. And even better, no prison time involved!

- a vegetable-eating,
- hand-holding,
- hacksack-tossing
- hippie.

Dear DICKHEADS,

How about I tell you a little information Mr. Editors note. I am appalled at your remark of mwa...being homophobic. That is as far from the bloody truth than you could possibly get. I have nothing but admiration for

those who believe in their sexuality or religion and what not. Everybody has a preference and I am not one to say that one is better or worse than another. However, I do have my rights to an opinion. Or do I not. I get the feeling that you know or own all the information. And people have to buy it or some shit like that. And also JERKY to respond to your comment about getting rid of all my records, I would only have DEF LEPPARD left. WELL that whole band's gay so I wouldn't have ANY RECORDS left!!! I know that it is hard for a guy like you to admit that you were more liberal in the past about what you put in this RAG as you call it. The last thing I heard about that even slightly came close to what I even listen to was a review of the Genitourtires C.D. and ALSO that angers me that you say I set the ALTERNATIVE scene back TEN YEARS. I SAY BULLSHIT TO THAT sizzle chest. You also said that this Rag-Of-o-MAG had never been Salt Lake Underground. I beg to differ. If it means anything to you anything at all, I think that I speak for all Heavy Grinders in this Piss Track Gone Bad called Utah, when I say BE A LITTLE MORE OPEN MINDED. I know that alternative is getting more popular by the moment and I really truly don't mind it but I have an up and coming band that has only been together for 3 months.

A Salt Lake UnderGround Crazyman
And J.R. Ruppel's Favorite

GRINDBOY
Later Nits.

Dear Dickheads, (or should I say fuckheads?)

This is regarding the Audrey Smiley fucks who harped on Jon Titus. Eat Shit!

If you can comprehend what you read (da) then you'd realize how ignorant your reply with it's idle threats are.

Jon didn't call you pussies for believing in love, he called you puss's for all your anti-man bullshit.

As far as there not being wild life in Salt Lake City (I think city is the key word), thank the hoards of people moving in and developing. I didn't want to tell you this (yeah right) but did you know by the year 2000 downtown will stretch from So. Temple all the way to 90th So., where they're already building. Which I'm sure is not caused by Jon Titus.

So if you want wild life fuckface, go to the zoo, move to a remote area (such as Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, to name a few) or visit Burts Tiki Lounge on Thurs nights. You may find your ass filled to the shiny red rim with beer, pretzels, and docs.

D

Don't look at me that way.

It's been some time since I felt anything quite this warm. I've been sitting in my old chair, with a wristful of hope and a glass of Chianti, jerking to the rhythm of Coltrane.

I feel like I had a dream once, but it took off like a shot destined for anywhere. Wound up nowhere. Now I look at you & sometimes tightens in my chest.

Could be the wine or maybe the cigarette. But I'd like to think it's the all too familiar hand of passion scolding me once more. For God knows what reason, but I take that simple look and turn it into some huge storm.

Windy & rainy, because I seem to like it that way. Gray & cloudy, but not cold. Warm. Warm like this feeling. I could let this consume me I suppose, and more than likely I will.

Because I am of that spirit. Of crossing glances and whispering thoughts. Of subtle nuance & a passion smell that sticks in your mind like a trauma. And later it will surely wake me from my stare, only to remind me. Not of you, but of that staggering feeling I had when you walked by.

Not of what you said, but how gracefully the words hit me:

Like fog. What this might be, I can only guess. But I'd rather pretend. That way you'd know all there is about me. It's not that I'm deep. I just think a lot. You'd feel every shutter of my spine, you'd know if I was looking into your eyes, or just staring at your eyebrows. Maybe you'd even feel the need. The need to let it all go & surrender to Mother Fate, and let her take us where she will. That's a pretty tall order though, isn't it? So speak the words, whatever they may be and walk on by me once again. Let the suspense of this one true moment fall crashing to the ground. Taking with it every thought of what might have been. Steal them all blind and leave them with nothing but regret. Make me wonder forever, if that is what you have to do.

But please, whatever it takes...Don't look at me that way.

-T.L.P.

P.S. To G, I'm in agreeance with you. Jon should have his own column.

SALT LAKE'S OLDEST ESTABLISHED TATTOO SHOP

ASI TATTOO

HIGH ENERGY WORK THAT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

**CUSTOM • TRADITIONAL
BODY PIERCING**

STERILE METHODS

BRILLIANT COLORS

TEMPORARIES

PRIVACY

COVER-UPS

COSMETICS

Salt Lake 1103 So. State 531-8863

Ogden 2443 Keisel Ave 625-0233

SPEAK-EASY NITE



MONDAY NIGHTS 5-9PM

Cinema Bar

45 West Broadway 359-1200

Now A Private Club For Members

thursday, february 17th, 1994

ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT



WITH 68 COMEBACK AND ICEBURN

doors: 7:30pm tickets \$8.00

Tickets on sale January 24th at Raunch Records Only

@ CLUB DV8 - BASEMENT SHOW

115 So. West Temple

a Private Club For Members - No Restrictions

wednesday, march 2nd, 1994

JAWBOX



GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

locals **WATERFRONT**

doors: 7:30pm tickets \$8.00

Ticket Information to be announced

@ CLUB DV8 - UPSTAIRS

115 So. West Temple

a Private Club For Members - No Restrictions

HELEN WOLF

THE OBLIGATORY YEAR-IN-REVIEW '93 One Quick Fluff Piece—To Go!

Punk performance artist GG Allin and just plain punk River Phoenix hit room temperature in true rock 'n roll fashion. Riv's mom says: "His self-destructive behavior stemmed from the global problem of human mistreatment of the environment." Huh? GG's mom just said "Now I can rent the Bastard's room out."

Cool wax on big, evil major labels by Urge Overkill, Big F, Muffs, Breeders, Afghan Wigs, PJ Harvey, Cords, X, Matthew Sweet, Grant Lee Buffalo, Sheryl Crow, Best Kissers In The World, Eve's Plum, Flop, Cracker, Lemonheads, Julian Hatfield Three, Radiohead, Raging Slab, Babes in Toyland, Machines of Loving Grace, Hammerbox, Silverfish and scads of others. Of course, the big boys also served up undercooked weenies like Paw, Quicksand, Suede, Clutch and the Cranberries—buyer beware....

TCI informed me that I can't get Comedy Central or the SciFi Channel, but I'm stuck with 2 sports channels, the Nashville Network (line dance fever!) and whatever the fuck that is on 8 with the nun that looks like Ed Asner. If only the satellite dish didn't tip

over my trailer....

Locals Riverbed Jed, Planet Earth, Mind at Large, Love Bucket, Anger Overload, So Wut, Prodigal of Smiles and countless others played face-melting shows to big and small crowds. My personal fave was the Mono Media Showcase (Dollymops/Scabs on Strike/Doghouse). Three great bands were pitted against punk relics the Buzzcocks, who just missed Livestock....

Rockabilly, well you know...

Stone Pony and the Obvious—indistinguishable except for the bassist who thinks cheesy slap-funk works on everything—remained undaunted if not un stupid. The Pony seems to have one hoof in the Alpo factory and one eye on the "Most Unnoticed Band" award in the next reader's poll, while the Obvious released a cd that's, uh, shiny....

George Michael whined to Sony that he wasn't getting the same big buck\$ as label-mates Springsteen, Streisand and Michael Jackson. Prez Tommy Mottola reminded Wham-man that these artists have other talents besides ass-shaking and perfect stubble-growth, and then went right back

to boinking wife/cash-kitten Mariah "Dogwhistle" Carey....

Michael Jackson had his own problems with the Pepsi (Kool-Aid?) generation. The boy-toy in question claims that he can identify MJ's, um, thriller—call the sketch artist!

The Brady bill was passed into law, all crime is now over. Next up is the Partridge bill, which would impose a 5-day waiting period on polyester jumpsuits....

Keep watching the mail, the next Red Hot Chili Peppers guitarist could be you....

Judas Priest, Iron Maiden, Motley Crue and Warrant all lost their 'lead' screechers. Priest has already tapped fitness babe Susan "Stop The Insanity" Powter to replace Rob Halford, but the other bands won't return Ronnie James Dio's calls....

Janet Jackson changed the course of music history by getting new hair, showing us her tits and, oh yeah, putting out another dance-pop album. Take the power back, girl...

Emerson, Lake and Palmer reunited. Getting Arnold Palmer and Ricki Lake was a snap, convincing the late Ralph Waldo E. proved more difficult. The other geezer trio, Rush, jumped the grungewagon, hoping no one would remember when they went New Wave almost exactly ten years ago...

NYC's Matador Records had a banner year with ultra-cool releases by Liz Phair, the Fall, Moonshake and others. Chicago's Drag City came close with Royal Trux and Pavement—now I've established my indie-cred...

Rush Limbaugh and Howard Stern dominated the airwaves and bookshelves. In related news, Charles Manson is (re) gaining popularity—get him a talk-show, fast!

Kerry Jackson re-teamed with Bill Allred at X96 and promptly swiped my (already stolen) catchphrase, "Cricket-dick"; better them than Rolly & Wells...

Gangsta Rap / Lawya Rap: 2-Pac, Flavor Flav and Snoop Doggy Dogg face various counts of domestic violence, rape, murder and aggravated butt-crack exposure. Sayeth Citizen Snoop: "Yo, the media's just focusin' on the negative, tryin' to keep us down, taknowwut I'm sayin'?" Uh, huh, where can I get a transcript of your

EXTENSIVE public service record, Mr. Dogg?

Guns N' Roses courtroom tour continued: ex-drumhead Steven Adler claims he was unfairly dismissed from GNR for doing too many drugs (they just wanted more for themselves), then he-man Axl sued his ex-model for kicking his ass. Welcome to the jungle, pussy...

November marked the 30th anniversary of JFK's assassination. Conspiracy theory #86: Lee Harvey Oswald is still alive and now plays guitar for Reverend Willie...

Poison booted out new ax-whiz Richie Kotzen after catching him playing Hide-The-Tubesteak with Rikki Rockett's girlfriend. He was probably unaware that Rikki even LIKED girls—yoohoo!

Goth-rock came back from (to?) the dead. The night Rozz Williams floated through town I saw more black tights, black Zorro hats and black eyeliner than you could shake a clove cig at—the girls were altogether ooky too. All Count Chocula disciples MUST bow down to Type O Negative's latest, "Bloody Kisses"—the "Sgt Pepper" of Mope Metal, it's heavier than Tad naked, blacker than Satan's bowling ball, funnier than Morrissey's hair and guaranteed to cure yeast infections at 20 paces...

Dick in the dirt: watch for the TV-movie of the John and Lorena Bobbitt story starring Crispin Glover, Fran "The Nanny" Drescher and Conan O'Brian as the penis—David Lynch HAS been contacted...

Concrete Blonde (the only band that REALLY matters) released their best and now final album while Slayer just stays around and gets fatter and shittier—Smirnoff, take me away!...

At The Event (?), Paul Swenson starts a column critiquing print media—you can almost smell the fear in Hackland. Take your best shot, Swenson: my Italian connections at the Guitar Gallery can get you a nice box seat next to Mr. Hoffa, peizone...

Is Xuxa causing young boys to pitch pup tents? Find out on the next Maury Povich Show. Oprah does an hour on make-overs for battered wives, then Geraldo presents a live sex-change operation (on Suede?)—and you thought I was running out of material...

**THE ONLY GOOD GOAT
IS A DEAD GOAT**

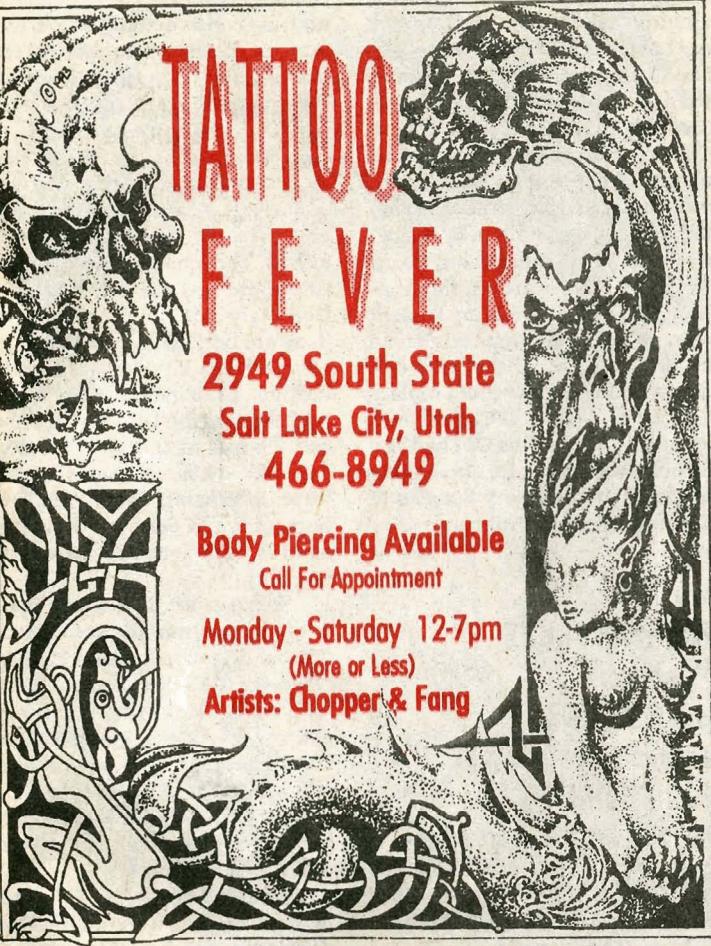
BEER
LIVE MUSIC
EVERY NIGHT
POOL
FOOD
A ROCKIN' LI'L
ROADHOUSE
SALOON
168 SOUTH WEST TEMPLE PHONE 328-GOAT

—Helen Wolf

TATTOO FEVER

2949 South State
Salt Lake City, Utah
466-8949

Body Piercing Available
Call For Appointment
Monday - Saturday 12-7pm
(More or Less)
Artists: Chopper & Fang



MODified

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC RECORDS • TAPES • CDs

POSTCARDS

STICKERS

POSTERS

TEE-SHIRTS

BOX SETS

RARE VINYL

SPECIAL ORDERS

OUT OF PRINT
857 East 900 South, SLC, Upstairs • 355-1770

NEW
and
USED
IMPORTS

**NEW TEE-SHIRTS
PLENTY OF NEW DESIGNS**

ICEBURN THE CHANGE TONGUE&GROOVE DROOL WICKED INNOCENCE PLAYGROUND WATERFRONT GAMMA RAYS DECOMPOSERS NOVAGENUS DRAIZE



**FAST
FORWARD
RECORDING**

**8-16-24 TRACK DIGITAL RECORDING AND MASTERING
GUARANTEED BEST SOUND IN UTAH • CD'S WHILE YOU WAIT
ACCOMODATIONS FOR ANY TYPE OR SIZE OF GROUP
COME IN AND SEE OUR NEW MIXING CONSOLE
(801) 292-7307 640 N. MAIN • NORTH SALT LAKE**

METHOD ANGER OVERLOAD DROWNED ATHETES BUTT BOHEMIA ONE EYE THE ID SMELL NSC HOUSE OF CARDS LUMBERJACK MAYBERRY THE KILL

8 January 1993 SLUG

RECORDS

GNAME Fiberglass C/Z Records

"Fiberglass," is a further development of the sound heard on "Six-Hi Surprise Tower," Gnome's previous album. Press materials push Vocalist/guitarist, Loren Evans' Cocteau Twins and Cheap Trick influences. The Cheap Trick influence is most apparent on the songs, "Crush," and "Popcorn." Evans' vocal phrasing mimics Robin Zanders on these songs. The Cocteau Twins influence is evident in David Bond's dirge-like, atmospheric guitar passages present throughout both of Gnome's albums.

Gnome has progressed a long way from the influences. The first album earned a bubblegum-grunge tag. The sound hasn't changed all that much on this new one. The first song, "Pictures" is noisy and driven. Evan's pop vocals rise from the murk. If there is a radio-friendly song on the album it is "F." It is a complete pop song with just enough chaos, feedback and hoarse vocals to attract "alternative" hordes.

The album is a complete work. The brevity helps the music grab you by the short hairs and it doesn't let go until these guys finish in just over half an hour. Gnome will make their second Salt Lake City appearance on December 5 at the Bar and Grill.

by Wa

ALL Breaking Things Cruz Records

All contains two graduates of the Salt Lake underground, Karl Alvarez, bass and Stephen Egerton, guitar. This album is on the tiny Cruz label, but it came courtesy of Susan Blond, a New York City publicity company. All must be in the big time.

As much as I scan the charts in CMJ, Billboard, Cashbox etc, I can't find All anywhere. That is a little curious since punk rock is so trendy. Look at the Stone Temple Pilots.

Maybe All are more AM radio than MTV FM. The song "Right" is one minute and 55 seconds of pure pop descended directly from the Buzzcocks. "Shreen" is another pop ditty with harmonies lifted directly from a Beatles or Beau Brummels record.

It could be that All simply play to fast for the average FM programmer to comprehend as they demonstrate in the classic thrash-pop anthem, "Bail." It's only 52 seconds long, much too short for radio. "Horizontal" recalls Dead Kennedys, Black Flag or even Hüsker Dü; Henry and Bob finally made it, how about All.

If there is anything on this album that will finally break All it is the song "Guilty." This song would easily fit the "classic" radio format. It could have come from a John Mellancamp or Bryan Adams album; with a few minor changes Garth could cover it. If they'd only turn that guitar and bass down to an acceptable level and not swear or tell our president to suck their cocks as they do in the song "Politics."

If pure noise is appealing All has one of those too. "Rosco" is the sound of a headache on tape. There's a Ramones-styled lovesong, "Stick," and even a droning heavy metal song, "Crucified." That should be enough. "Breaking Things" has Milo returning from the Descendents days for backing vocals. If All continue recording music like this they will enjoy success in spite of themselves. "Breaking Things" is probably one album Kurt and Eddie listen to for inspiration before hitting the arena stage.

by Wa

GITANE DEMONE Facets Of Blue

Cleopatra

After leaving Christian Death Gitane Demone spent some time in Holland where she did performance art. She did a Skin Two party dressed in rubber, and also a Festival of Perversity. Next she made the cover of the British tabloid News Of The World, dressed in a rubber outfit, handcuffed to a chair, blindfolded with a mistress teasing her with a whip. Not quite your average girl next door, although she is the mother of two children.

She's back now, on the Cleopatra label, as a diva doing her own interpretation of house music. This album is not strictly a house album. "A Heavenly Melancholy" and the remix, "Heavenly Melancholy (Set Me Free)" are dance numbers that should make an appearance soon at your favorite dance club, if they haven't already. Much of this album is Demone doing her best Julie London/Peggy Lee im-

pression with a piano backing her.

I don't know how those in charge of the Cole Porter tribute album missed Demone, her version of "Love For Sale" is as expressive and stirring as anything recorded in the last 50 years. Julie London is probably rolling over in her grave. That song is the only cover on the album. Demone wrote or co-wrote every other song, with the exception of "Golden Age" written by former Christian Death conspirator, Valor.

Don't go in search of this hopping for goth, the album is dark enough, but the emphasis is on Demone's voice. If this gets any distribution Demone could replace k.d. lang, Sinead O'Connor and Annie Lennox as Diva Of The Year. Shame on Cleopatra for not sending one of their customary 8 x 10's of Demone dressed in rubber.

by Wa

FOURWAYCROSS

Pendulum

HALF STRING

Eclipse (ep)

FOR AGAINST

Don't Do Me Any Favors (ep)

SAVAGE REPUBLIC

Recordings From Live Performance, 1981 - 1983

Independent Project Records

First a disclaimer. This is vinyl. Independent Project has released some of the most prized vinyl slabs I own. The label releases limited editions, usually limited to 5,000 pressings or less, of obscure but always exceptional music. They have an antique letterpress and all their covers are collectible for the artwork alone. Don't expect objectivity.

Fourwaycross is no longer in existence. Beth Thompson and Brad Laner are now members of Medicine, Biff Sanders is in Ethyl Meatplow. Pendulum is a compilation of previously unreleased Fourwaycross material. The album has two parts. There is a ten inch long player and a seven inch single.

The opening songs on the album sound like early Talking Heads; Talking Heads as they played at CBGBs, not their later dance oriented music. As they move deeper into the album the music changes to sparse, dreamy soundscapes. The male vocals of previous songs are replaced by a female voice. Flute and strings overshadow the guitar and minimalist bass and drums keep the time.

The entire second side of the

ten-inch is dedicated to dreamland. Slow, rhythmic paintings with faint echoes of the third world tempos now in fashion among the rich and famous of the pop world fill the record. Both sides of the single are synthesized instrumentals that would shame some of the current crop of tech-heads holed up in basements with computers and sequencers. Light on bpm's the music easily fits the trance definition of techno. The future music these artists would make is only hinted at. Definitely not for everyone, but there are only 1,500 available.

Half String's release is a seven inch ep. Their music is like a trip back through the 4AD catalog of the late '70s and on into the early '80s. Part folk music as played by the Incredible String Band, part New Romantic, and part New Age. This band is from Tempe, Arizona, not England.

For Against is another band with a sound from across the pond, the band is actually from Lincoln, Nebraska. Call them a toned down XTC with shimmering pop hooks and a way with the beautiful noise. Not quite my cup of tea, but this seven inch is guaranteed to impress anyone in love with that English lite-pop sound. Don't tell anyone that it's from Nebraska.

Independent Project sent four releases. The gem of the bunch is the double ten-inch from Bruce Licher, the Independent Project mastermind, with his own band Savage Republic. Savage Republic is a band whose influence is heard every single day on alternative radio, yet they are so obscure that the average muso can't reference them because they've never heard them.

This album of live performances is a document of where Consolidated got their in-your-face live performance style. It predates the lo-fi of Pavement, Pond, or Sebadoh. Savage Republic is the original art-punk band. Their mix of industrial, noise, lo-fi and punk rock came before the alternative nation could crawl. Check your roots folks, a limited number of the band's first album is available on CD. This double ten inch with that bootleg quality is only available in a 2,250 numbered edition. Better snatch one for that ideal Christmas gift.

Independent Project is located in Arizona. Check with BC first, if he can't get the records write to Bruce Licher at Post Box 1033, Sedona Ariz. 86339

by Wa

NEXT MONTH - ALL LOCALS
SEND 'EM IN IF YOU
HAVEN'T ALREADY



LIVE ROCKABILLY ON THURSDAY
VOODOO SWING - NO COVER

BURTS TIKI LOUNGE
726 SOUTH STATE STREET



cd release party **SCABS ON STRIKE**

RIVERBED JED

DOGHOUSE

DOLLYMOPS

MIND@LARGE

Friday, January 21st
Basement of DV8

115 South West Temple

No Restrictions

doors 8:00pm • Tickets \$5 adv / \$6 Door

cd's and tickets available in Januaruy at:

Heavy Metal Shop, Raunch, Modified
Sonic Garden (Provo), Imagine (Bount)

a private club for members • 575-7806



**ORDER A PIZZA
FOR YOUR NEXT
SPORTS EVENT**

Free Wheeler
Pizza

—TWO LOCATIONS—

DOWNTOWN 322-FREE

In The ZEPHYR CLUB • 301 So. West Temple

SUGARHOUSE 486-3748

1624 South 1100 East

FREE

**DOZEN GARLIC ROLLS
WITH ANY LARGE PIZZA**

FREE DELIVERY

FEATURE BAND



SCABS ON STRIKE

"You can teach a pig to lead a horse to water, but all the day you'll have good luck." -- Words to live by, courtesy of Scabs on Strike.

The story of Scabs on Strike is a well known one. Jeff (drums) and Mike (bass) first met in 1972, while backing up Sammy Davis at the Sands in Vegas. For the next 19 years, they lived the high life, shuffling through a procession of showgirls and would-be starlets, (including Lola Falana, Joey Heatherton and a moonlighting Sandra Day O'Connor) and dabbling in the darker attractions of the glamorous Vegas Strip night life. In the heyday of the "me first" 80's, they indulged themselves with a voracity that made wizened veterans like Julio and Engelbert blush. Eventually, however, the times changed and Mike and Jeff were left behind as Vegas attempted to clean up its image and appeal to the "family values" of America rather than the boozy high rollers of Dino's day.

It was time, Mike and Jeff realized, to return to the roots of the great music of heartland America and to find the guitar player who could shape them into the formidable combo that would rule the airwaves of America as they had once ruled the Casinos of Las Vegas. Their wishes were answered when in 1991, they met Dan, "The Poet of Our Times" backstage at a Black Flag concert at the Speedway Cafe.

Dan had, by all accounts, a

strange childhood. His parents, Roy and La Vonda met while hitchhiking around Juab County and later set out for the Box Elder County Fair where they experimented with hallucinogenic sugar beet concentrate. By the time Dan was born they had settled down as watermelon pickers and missionaries for the Children of God in rural San Pete. They were soon run out of town, but not before La Vonda had a vision. "We dreamed

our boy would captivate the world," she told Prison Life magazine, "and we would do anything to see that dream come true." After two years in Columbia, laundering money for a Bountiful based pyramid scheme, his parents were confined to a life of hard labor in the coffee fields of Juan Valdez and Dan found himself once again in Utah, working as a DJ for a then popular country radio station. It was

here that he had a formative experience that would shape the destiny of his creative life.

It seems that one of his listeners was a paranoid schizophrenic who blamed the success or failure of his marital life on the music that Dan would play on the air. As a result, the best of Scabs on Strike material combines these elements, jumping hysterically from the absurd to the profound, from the annoying to the sublime, and from cliche balladese to raging mayhem, often within the space of one song. This can be heard in many of their popular classics including "Joe and Lud," "Man in My Brain" and Head Vendor," all of which are featured on their upcoming 16 song CD release.

While the Scabs are quick to name Dr. Seuss and the fast food of Mc Donalds as two of their primary influences, they remain loyal to their populist roots as their name implies. Even in this hi-tech age, they will be forever linked in the annals of history with the likes of Joe Hill, Mother Jones, Johnny Ascuga and the struggles of the common laborer. As Dan puts it, "there definitely is a political message to our music, although you've got to dig pretty deep to find it." Truer words were never spoken.

—Stimboy

photos - Robert DeBerry

Record release party
1/21/94 @ DV8

5th Avenue's
TATTOO
Professional Studio
PRESENTING
Professional
Artists
CHRIS & KENT
Utah's Cleanest
And Modern Studio
with Sharkey & Darcy's
Exotik
PIERCING
and Tattooing
5th Ave,
NO Appointment
Necessary.
1798 So. West Temple
SL. UT. 84115
#485-5400
486-TAT2

SUPPORT LOCAL WARM ART



at Suzy M's Gallery of Fine Tattooing

1361 So. State St. • 467-8282

"All We Do Is Custom Tattoo"

PRODIGAL OF SMILES



WITH
ONE EYE

Saturday, January 15th
BOURBON STREET
241 So. 500 Ea. • 359-5905

MORMON UPDATE

MEDIA WARING!!!

Brothers and Sisters, let's cut the compost. Even now, I can feel the lowly Horned One breathing down our necks by way of advertising. It doesn't take a General Authority to figure out that Satan does his work through MTV and other Communist owned corporations. That Cindy Crawford Pepsi commercial doesn't fool me for one minute. Those young, naive, impressionable boys were not admiring the new Pepsi can. It was that scantily clothed sin vixen with the heaving chest.

That is just one example. We have the MTV ads advocating the use of condoms. I guess if I had the lack of morals that Madonna had, not only would I wear a condom, I would double coat my entire body with a healthy coat of Neosporin. As much as Madonna publicly gropes herself, I can't imagine where she would find the sexual energy to have need for a condom. MTV, give us back our children.

As I admired my youngest son Brigham watching Saturday

morning cartoons, I couldn't believe what I saw advertised during a commercial break. It was an ad for a new product called BUMP & GRIND BARBIE. It comes with deep-throat Barbie, plastic whips and chains and several electrical devices (batteries not included). Sold separately are such items as Long-Dong Ken, a leather and barbed wire push-up bra, and the Sodom and Gomorrah sex hammock. Deseret Toys slapped a lawsuit on them so fast, it made their sick heads spin.

I, for one, am not going to sit back and let the Red Media pull my Iron Rod of God. It's time we become one mind, mine. Uncle Ezra has a few inspired high ideas for making advertising a more spiritual experience. The most promising is a little ditty I call spiritual back-masking. We put subliminal messages in commercials that make the mindless viewer or listener sick to his stomach every time he thinks about sex or sin in any form. We saints pull in a pretty penny from it. I just believe that it's the God-fearing peoples turn to control the media.

right now. I already have Channel 5 convinced that it's the right thing to do.

I have also proposed a new bill to our not-conservative enough Congress. Any company using sex to sell their product will be promptly prosecuted as a child molester. Goodbye Bugle Boy Jeans. Goodbye beer companies. Goodbye Neosporin. The most brilliant part of this idea is the punishment. God told me this. We would like to put these malevolent and blatantly disrespectful law breakers on a new TV show we are developing. It's kind of a cross between American Gladiators and COPS. We call it The Real Running Man. There's nothing like a little public humiliation to scare the love of Jesus into people.

When will you see these pictures as I, your selfless leader, have? If we commercially discourage sex in any form, we do away with MTV, pornography, sexual deviance, and all else that is bad in this shameful world. Don't get me wrong, I don't want to do away with advertising. We saints pull in a pretty penny from it. I just believe that it's the God-fearing peoples turn to control the media.

As much as I'd like to, I can't



control everyone's behavior 2 hours a day. I can barely control my wife and offspring. But with the help of you, my fellow Saints we can step on a few sinners toes. Let's make Jello ads wholesome again. I remember when Jello was a dessert and not a sexual pleasure device or something sleazy lady mud wrestlers fondled each other in. The Church can't buy out every company to make it more spiritually correct (yet). So we must bring Satanic corporations to their knees. All I ask is that you do your part in letting me do it for you. Until next month, watch KBYU.

—Uncle Ezra

Originally Run
February 1992

WEDNESDAY, FEB 2, 1994 QUICKSAND & SEAWEED @ CLUB DV8 - UPSTAIRS



PLUS LOCALS STATE OF THE NATION

115 South West Temple - Doors 7:30pm - Tickets \$8.00 - A Private Club For Members
On Sale January 10th - Raunch & Heavy Metal Shop - No Restrictions

INTERVIEW



The Southern California bubble gum-hardcore sound. No band perfected or played it any better than the Descendents. When that wonderful quartet collapsed, three members immediately regrouped with a new vocalist and continued in a similar vein. Bass guitarist Karl Alvarez phoned SLUG just days before the band's December 8 show with the Lemons.

All is: Chad Price-vocals; Stephen Egerton-guitar; Karl Alvarez-bass guitar; Bill Stevenson-drums.

SLUG: Well, the most obvious question is your change of singers (long time All Frontman Scott Reynolds departed this year, forming his own band. Good bye Harry). Am I allowed to ask about that?

Karl: Oh yeah. There's nothing to hide. Scott just kind of wanted to do something different from what we're doing. We're all still friends, although Scott's now in Seattle.

SLUG: How did you settle on Chad? His vocals are maybe more like Milo's (Aukerman, former Descendents vocalist) than any other All singers.

Karl: Well, actually, we've known Chad for a while. He's from the Kansas City area (the members of All now live in Brookfield, Mo.), and he helped out a little on "Percolator." His demo tape was definitely the best we received when we were auditioning singers.

SLUG: Your new album ("Breaking things") is more of a throwback to the Descendents, at least in a hard-edged way. Are you returning to roots?

Karl: Actually, not much of what we do is deliberate. It's not that we planned on adding rougher edges to it, but Chad's vocals and John's (Hampton, the band's engineer) mixing wound up much more like our live shows—with the guitar turned up and more straight-forward playing showing up.

SLUG: You guys may be the busiest touring band I've ever talked to. Is it maybe more important to you than recording?

Karl: Well, I met my wife this way (laughs). No, really, touring's one of the most ideal livings I can think of. We get to play music which we love, every night. We get to meet our fans and build our fan base in a really honest way. Hopefully, they know how important they and the music are.

SLUG: Are you guys still traveling around in that converted school bus?

Karl: Oh yeah, it's an adventure every night. We've never had this much mechanical trouble as we have on this tour. All our band vehicles (the bus and two vans, including a white van they used as the Descendents) keep breaking down. The Descendents van has basically gone to the moon and back twice without this much shit happening. It's kind of turned into a running joke, like "oh no! It's broken down again. Big surprise."

SLUG: Uh-oh. I hope that doesn't mean you're cursed or that you might not make it.

Karl: We'll make it. Salt Lake's one place we like to play. Not that Stephen and I are too familiar with that place (since both lived and played in Salt Lake). About the only thing that'll keep us out is if we get sick (laughs, since he was calling from a payphone in Weed, Calif., where the temperature was below freezing). Not that that's a hint.

SLUG: Not that I get it (laughs). OK, well, enjoy the rest of the tour, and we'll see you out here.

Karl: Thanks, and I'm sure you guys will enjoy the show.

(Post script: mechanical problems kept Tacoma, Wash.'s My Name from playing. Not too much of a shame).

—Jeff Reptile

5

FULL
RED NUMBER FIVE

LENGTH
RED NUMBER FIVE

COMPACT
RED NUMBER FIVE

DISC
RED NUMBER FIVE

AVAILABLE
RED NUMBER FIVE

SOON
RED NUMBER FIVE

5

5

COMIC REVIEWS

Well, in keeping with my pretentious, judgemental nature, it's time for the annual "Best," "Worst," and "Top Ten" in the comics world. As usual, a caveat is urged towards all readers of this column—this is my personal opinion and is subject to varieties of taste...

Best Artist: David McKean, *Cages*. For those unfamiliar with McKean's work, he blends painting with classical pen and ink work to marvelous effect. Simply put, there is nobody better at layout, composition, positioning, flow, and body language.

Worst Artist: Rob Liefeld, *Youngblood*. At the opposite end of the spectrum is Liefeld, a true practitioner of the tendency to warp anatomy and swipe other artists' work. Amazingly enough, Liefeld admits he never took an art class ... Happily, the masses have turned on this golden boy.

Best Writer: Dave Sim, *Cerebus*. As ever, Sim remains consummate, blending parody with a compelling storyline fraught with melodrama, mystery, and

well-fleshed characters.

Worst Writer: Neil Gaiman, *Sandman*. Yeah, I'm picking on the guy. No other writer exhibits such a tendency towards self-indulgence, pandering, and sheer melodrama without purpose.

Best Cartoonist: Jeff Smith, *Bone*. For those who have the good fortune to read *Bone*, Smith's delightful renderings provide much of the power to the book. Wondrous, whimsical, and just plain enjoyable.

Worst Cartoonist: Cels Upton, *Bog Town*. Upton's characters lack depth, power, humor... Worse, Upton shows an utter lack of ability that is astonishing.

Best Limited Series: *Cerebus*. Yes, I rant and rave about this book. Good fiction relies on its ability to tell us something about ourselves and to deliver an experience. The life of the obnoxious grey aardvark exemplifies the idea of the "graphic novel" and this series deserves to be read by everyone.

Worst Limited Series: *Bathtub*, *High Cost of Living*. No other series in recent memory has so offended

its readership as this bland, meaningless work formulated for sale while parodying its readership.

Best New Series: *Kane*. The only unfortunate thing about this series is its relative obscurity ... Paul Grif's account of a cranky English police detective is funny, sad and powerful just like real life...

Worst New Series: *Critters*. Pantographics Books, in its mutable "bandwagon-jumping" style, is only too happy to try to discover a new *Jules Doucet*. Unfortunately, Renée French shows none of Doucet's talent in this useless mush-mash.

Best New Talent: Teddy Kristiansen, *Grendel Tales*. Dark Horse has uncovered a real "find" in Kristiansen, who wends his way from comedy to horror with a deft touch.

Worst New Talent: Stephen Platt, *Moon Knight*. Platt manages to "rip-off" some of the worst artists in the comics world (Todd McFarlane and Rob Liefeld) and manages to outdo them. Lousy anatomy and no depictive strength.

Best Graphic Novel: *Nick Abadzis*, *I, American*. This compilation of Nick Abadzis' stories from *Deadline* encompasses a young British man's exploration of himself through America, at the same time revealing the ugliness of modern-America.

Best Comic Book: *Cerebus*. Enough said.

Let me conclude with my top 10, in reverse order:

10) Pirate Corp\$! Stories: *Hectic Planet* 1993 saw a new title for this comic, along with a new, less cosmic storyline. While some of the edge and humor has been lost, this remains an engaging and fun read. Too bad *Milk & Cheese* is more popular...

9) Madman Adventures Mike Allred continues to create quirky and likable characters, with this naive and off-the-wall super hero.

Well drawn B-movie stories evoke the best qualities to be found in super-heroes.

8) The Jim Urban Adventure Bernie Mireault's tale of an ordinary man in a home-made costume has found a new home in Dark Horse Comics. Happily, the comic gets better and better, and hopefully wider exposure will equal bigger sales.

7) Palestine This account of the conflict in the Middle East manages to remain objective and even-handed, even while depicting the horror of territorial conflict. Joe Sacco has probably crafted the best political comic book. Period.

6) Granddal Tales: Four Devils, *One Hell* Dark Horse has wisely chosen to continue comic book exploration of Matt Wagner's

Grendel mythos with this spin-off series featuring an all-star line-up of artists and writers. If future storylines are anywhere near as good as the first one, Wagner's creation is in good hands.

5) Bone Jeff Smith has burst onto the comics scene with this delightful tale of the diminutive Bone cousins and their attempts to return to Bonerville. Evocative of a time when comics were fun...

4) Hate At the opposite end of the spectrum is Peter Bagge's spiteful series built upon the life of loser Buddy Bradley. Mean-spirited, cynical ... and funny.

3) Cages Dave McKean's existential tale of people living in a tenement building is quirky, bizarre, and meaningful. Difficult and troublesome, just like real life.

2) Graffiti Kitchen Eddie Campbell returned to his "Alec" tales in this one-shot about the implications of a love triangle between a mother, a daughter, and the aimless Alec MacGarry.

1) Cerebus If you're getting tired of hearing me expound on the virtues of this comic, then read it for yourself. Dense, multi-layered ... yet accessible. Possibly the most powerful comic book ever.





TOTAL INVENTORY REDUCTION SALE!

- ★ Buy One T-Shirt Get A Second T-Shirt of Equal or Less Value at 1/2 Off
- ★ Last Remaining Shoe Stock...30% OFF
- ★ ALL Lip Service Clothing Up to 40% OFF manufacturers Suggested Retail!
- ★ Folk Guitar Packages List \$204.95 NOW \$159.95
- ★ 10%-50% OFF All Remaining Posters in Stock
- ★ 20% OFF Candleholders and Statuary
- ★ 10% OFF All CD's, Cassettes, Vinyl, Video's & Books

Lay-a-ways Must Be Picked-up NO LATER than January 31st, 1994. (No Exceptions!)

J.R. BESS MUSIC ARTS GALLERY
4700 South 900 East # 26, Ivy Place SLC
(801) 269-8338

SALE STARTS JANUARY 7TH, 1994 AND ENDS JANUARY 1994!

UNMITIGATED RAMBLE

I don't know how, really, I came upon it, but the idea was born from a night full of self-guilt and a bad selection of drug combinations. It was dark, it wasn't stormy, but it was a night and I was out, loose in its void.

And that is this; Image. And Style. Why do we have to have them? In a way they are created by the people who have them, by us, but simultaneously they are sympathetic reflections of society. I mean you are simply giving the people what they want, to borrow from the Kinks. When you see someone with an image, sometimes, that's what they're supposed to be; They can't escape their destiny that was written for them by society. No matter how hard you try, you are what you are, and therefore, in some way, the product of society. Once you live within a society, you can't live outside of its rules, and once you begin to live by its rules, you then become a part of that society. For example, take Michael Jordan and his wish to retire from the NBA. People everywhere are screaming; what? How can you do this to us? You have to keep on playing, you have to keep on being Air Jordan! They decry their faithfulness to him, that they've attended every game or seen them all on television. They buy all his merchandise, they go to McDonalds, wash down Ballpark Franks with an ice cold coke, or play a little b-ball in their Nike's and you wouldn't be where you are today

Mike! But he would, he just wouldn't be who he is today. Michael played it up. He went to the Olympics as part of Team Operation Gold Storm. He took the Bulls to three consecutive NBA titles, a feat not likely to be repeated for quite some time. He was Air Jordan and everyone wanted to be like Mike. But he's tired. He wants to be Michael Jordan, the who sleeps in every now and then, walks around the house in his underwear, makes a pot of coffee at ten in the morning and watches cartoons, scratching his balls and doing the daily crossword.

And in a way, all of us are like Michael Jordan, because we live in a society wherein we all have to have some kind of an image. What does he do? Oh, he's a skier, or a mountain biker, or a climber. And then you have to dress and act like one. You are supposed to live and breath what it is you do and if you break out of your mold, if you are caught being someone who you aren't supposed to be, then people don't recognize you, they can't label you and they are nervous around you. I mean, how are they supposed to react to you are, or do?

Go to the local coffee shops some time and hang out, trying to bust an image. There's one over there, he looks like a snowboarder or a skater, it's just so hard to tell, I mean they all look alike. And over there, there's the man going through a serious mid-life crisis with the wanna-be Harley Davidson cruiser

Suzuki, replete with leather saddle bags, wearing leather chaps over his Levi's, smoking a Camel and drinking a latte, seriously working the impressionably young girls who are, in turn, trying to get an image of their own going. It's a copy-cat, monkey-see, monkey-do circle where the style of someone in some lifestyle is copied by the others and thereby identify themselves with that lifestyle, thereby creating their image of that person.

But what if we all weren't so caught up in our images? What if we realized that once we're born of two people, then we no longer are a single person. We all are inexorably linked, one huge umbilical cord tying us all together back to the dim beginnings of time, somewhere on a dusty valley floor, a primeval ocean licking its dry skin. What would that do to our images then? Would we be considered as accountants, lawyers, doctors, whatever, and instead be called people? Would we have to be identified and codified as black, white, Asian, etc.? Or does that conjure up some terrifying image of an Orwellian society where we all have bar codes stamped onto our foreheads so we can identify each other? Like 1984 meets THX 1138? Or could we be different simply by being exactly who we are without having to wear that self like a label. Hi, I'm Chris and I wear Mountain Biker jeans for the style of Life.

Bishop Berkley, in his thesis "The Principles of Human Knowledge" pondered how it was that we as humans came to perceive summarizing, the Bishop believed that we imagined the things witnessing

through our senses. And that if we weren't for our mind telling us so those things would not exist. David Hume rebutted Berkeley by kicking a rock. But I believe that Hume considered the world's greatest skeptic, had it wrong about the dear Bishop. I believe that Berkeley's thesis can be applied to my previous babble; We look out at the world around us and see people with images that they wear like outfits, and some of those we're really seeing, is not so much the image of that particular person, but rather, a blending of all the images around us and before us. And the way that we see it is through our own senses, like the way that color is seen: it's not so much what you do see, but what you don't see. But not all people see color the same way and some are supposedly color blind, but who are the people telling them that?

So, in the end, what am I really saying? Lighten up everybody! So somebody's different from you. So what? People are so caught up in their images, real or made-up, and they try so hard to make sure that everyone around them understands their image, that they forget about being a person and instead live their image like some store window mannequin come to life, smoking a clove cigarette and drinking coffee, discussing the ramifications of the new Pearl Jam cd. Maybe it's time for some becoming too complacent within the security of their images. We all start taking ourselves too seriously and forget about everybody else.

—Chris Salisbury



859
EAST
900
SOUTH

NEXT TO
MODIFIED

533-8917

CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT



MONO MEDIA PRESENTS

A BIRTHDAY PARTY
FOR THE KING OF
ROCK & ROLL
featuring the sounds of...

DOLLYMOPS & BIRDMAN
SATURDAY, JANUARY 8TH
CINEMA BAR 45 WE. BROADWAY

Music Starts at 9:00 \$5.00

A Private Club For Members

SALT FLAT PRESENTS
at PLAYSCHOOL

600 South 346 West □ Salt Lake City

SAT - JAN 28 - 8:00

WATERFRONT

MAYBERRY

MARCHHARE

JUST 4 BUCKS

SAT - FEB 5 - 8:00

DAISY GREY

**PELICAN
ON A SPRING**

SOAP

JUST 4 BUCKS

all ages welcome

mayberry

8



SALT FLAT RECORDS



Mayberry

FIVE SONG EP

**IN
STORES
NOW!**

**SALT
FLAT**

PREMIERING JAN 14-20

"Couldn't be more timely."

ROMPER STOMPER has a powerful kick. Top-drawer performances.

Leah Rosen, People

"A bone-crunching movie."

David Ansen, Newsweek

"(A) Viscerally supercharged film."

Stephen Holden, NY Times



John Anderson, Newsday

"Crowe is mesmerizing... an Aussie RESERVOIR DOGS."

Peter Travers, Rolling Stone

**ROMPER STOMPER**
You've never seen anything like it.

AN ACADEMY ENTERTAINMENT RELEASE SEON FILMS PRESENTS ROMPER STOMPER
 A GEOFFREY WRIGHT FILM STARRING RUSSELL CROWE DANIEL POLLOCK JACQUELINE MCKENZIE ALEX SCOTT
 PRODUCTION DESIGN STEVEN JONES-EVANS EDITOR BILL MURPHY DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JOHN CLIFFORD WHITE PRODUCED BY RON HAGEN A.C.S.
 PRODUCED BY DANIEL SCHARF AND IAN PRINGLE WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY GEOFFREY WRIGHT
 NC-17 NO CHILDREN UNDER 17 ADMITTED
 A FILM IN ASSOCIATION WITH AUSTRALIAN FILM COMMISSION AND FILM VICTORIA
 © 1992 ACADEMY ENTERTAINMENT INC.

LATE NIGHT
FRIDAY & SATURDAY

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

FLESH GORDON**FRITZ THE CAT****A CLOCKWORK ORANGE**

Call For Date & Times

TOWER THEATRE

876 EAST 900 SOUTH • 359-9234

NEW LOCAL BAND
AMPERSAND

For better or for worse, a new sound has appeared on the local scene. Ampersand is emerging as one of the most musically intriguing bands to play the Wasatch Front since grunge donned a flannel and took the Greyhound to Seattle.

The five-piece is: Doug Wright on bass; Joshua Anderson and J. Rabb playing guitars; Daniel D. Day doing drums; and Mark Peer singing vocals.

If these names are familiar to you, then you probably recognize Ampersand as a sort of Mulligan Stew flavored by the leftovers of several local favorites like Iceburn, Ents, The Gladbirds, Sope, and Bad Yodelers. But a word to the wise—before you run off to buy tickets for their next gig and get their name tattooed on your butt, please realize that in spite of the impressive pedigree of its members, Ampersand's style is more a product of their own ingenuity than their collective resumes. In fact, if it's the old stuff you want to hear, you'll be better off staying at home, listening to your vintage tapes, and reading *Minivel Cheezy*.

Guitarists Josh and Jason demonstrate an ability to both dual and duet. Their riffs can either compliment or confront each other, depending on context. The rhythmic complexity of Ampersand's music is a testament to the talents of its drummer and bassist. With amazing agility, Doug and Dan stir up the time and meter changes that keep this music motivated. With solid music to work with, it is

only fitting that Mark's vocals are written to compliment, not control, the style of the band. Artistic Synopsis (get ready for some big words): Ampersand has created a sound that hovers in between the labels of today's musical nomenclature.

Formed in January of this year, Ampersand recorded a five-track self-titled demo album after a week of rehearsing together. Since then, the band has been refining and reworking their line-up in preparation for their performance debut.

And what an impressive debut it was. Playing to an audience of friends and curious acquaintances at The Pod, Ampersand demonstrated how a few months of interrupted rehearsal can improve a band. Hopefully, they can find their way back into the studio soon to get some more of their performance energy on tape.

At their second show—appearing in Provo with four local bands—Ampersand introduced some quality new material and played improved versions of their recorded songs. Most of the audience was mesmerized by the band's live energy. But the biggest compliment of the evening came from the zoobie hecklers at the back of the room who confirmed the band's knack for innovation by voicing their disappointment about not having anything to dance to. Somebody give that moron a drum machine and tattoo an ampersand on his butt.

—N. Phillips



455 E. BROADWAY
 355-6021
 MENTION AD
 FOR 15% OFF

Dream
 Weaver

FULL SERVICE SALON • FLEXIBLE HOURS
 CALL FOR APPOINTMENT

Haircuts \$8.00 • Piercing Available • Perms
 Alternative Hair Coloring • Retail Products
 Dreads/Hair Tyes/Braids • Acrylic Nails

Specializing In Custom Designs For Your Image

PSYCHO CORNER

"Reasons to acquit Michael Jackson?"

BY J.T. & THE FATMAN

First off we are outraged with this anti-M.J. bashing by the ultra conservative media. It seems like the only reason everyone is jumping on the bandwagon is cuz they're out of "dumb blonde" jokes. Well here's one for you.. "What did the Utah girl say right after she lost her virginity?" "Get off me Dad, you're crushing my smokes!!"

Michael is a superstar anyway you look at it. So he may have a thing for small children, but how many hermaphrodites do you know that sold over a billion records? What about Van Gogh?, Shakespeare?, Jesus Christ? Tell me these guys didn't have little quirks! Amadeus Mozart married and sodomized 12 year old girls, so where are all the "Fuck me Amadeus" jokes? Face it, these guys are artists. They are better than us, and we have no right to judge them or be critical of their whims. O.K. if M.J. was payin you little skaterats for blow jobs behind the Federal building, he'd be a Goddamn hero and you'd all be down at Grey Whale trading in your fucking "Agent Orange" cd's for a copy of the "Thriller" picture disc. And what about you self righteous enviro-tree hugging holier than thou hypocrits? Do you have any idea how much money M.J. has pumped into your fucking panty-waste causes? NO! You just want to see his bitch sister slamming him on "Hard Copy"



Who is prosecuting the Kennedy clan? What of that wonderful cocksucker Billy Graham? No, no, no, it's all back to the white man's credo... "We'll let 'em play football, just keep 'em away from our women" You let them jail Mike Tyson, Chuck Berry, Rick James and James Brown, but Rob-fucking-Lowetakes videos of underage girls and we slap his hand and make him the poster child for Sigma Chi. Well these two reporters will not buy into this "nigger hating" mentality of white inbred America. I love this country, despite the disgusting views of our forefathers. Thomas Jefferson bought slaves for \$2.50 each while he was out behind the barn poking their 15 year old daughters. So all you backass 4x4 penis truck-drivin, wife-swappin, trailer-park, squeezy cheese, God fearing bastards can just line up in front of the State Capital and kiss our collective asses, cuz we've been M.J. fans since the cartoon. (back when he was black) And we'll stand by our man till the very end.
See ya next month, cock-suckin junkie scum.



*Professional Body Adornment
by Karen*

Sterile • Professional • Private

801-467-8282
By Appointment Only

Susie M's Gallery of Fine Tattooing
1361 South State Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

HAPPY FUCKIN' NEW YEAR

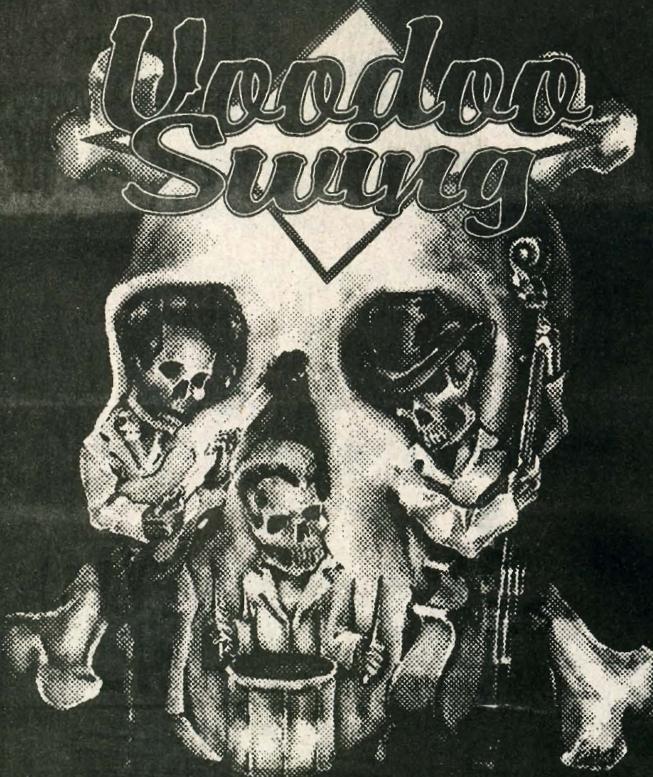
D R I L L
T H U M P
R U B B E R
S O U L
G O U G E
N I O B I U M
B O D Y
J E W E L R Y
S K E T C H E R S
C Y K X T E E S
S T O O P I D
S W A N K
B O D Y & S O U L

WEAKEST STORE IN 94!

TRASH

264 SOUTH MAIN STREET
595-0553 • MON-SAT 11-7

ROCKABILLY



"We're Usin' Code Names"

14-Song Compact Disc

\$9.99

AVAILABLE AT: RAUNCH RECORDS, RECORD COLLECTOR,
JR BESS, SOUNDOFF, SMOKEY'S RECORDS, RANDY'S
RECORDS, GRAYWHALE CD, TRASH, GUITAR GALLERY,
CRANDALL AUDIO (PROVO), IMAGINE (BOUNT)

LIVE ROCKABILLY!

Friday - January 14th

HOUSE OF CARDS w/ VOODOO SWING

Bar & Grill - 60 E 800 S

a private club for members

Saturday - January 29th

VOODOO SWING

Cinema Bar - 45 W 300 S

a private club for members

Every Thursday Night

Burts Tiki Lounge

726 S State - No Cover



USE YOUR VOODOO
SWING ARMY CARD
AND GET IN FREE...
ALL THESE SHOWS

I've heard some whimpering and whining from a few of the local alternative rock guitar gods lately. It seems that the new Salt Lake City rockabilly scene has them feeling left out. They don't like rockabilly very much.

Well let me tell you something, (Fire Marshall Bill's face appears) the local rockabilly scene is just the ticket to get local Salt Lake City bands more attention. The local rockabilly paper has already received national and, in fact, worldwide praise. Rockabilly fans from all over the United States, France and Holland have responded with letters, records, CDs and encouragement. One writer and record producer in France is planning to visit the U.S. for some research next summer. He has added Salt Lake City to his list of must visit cities.

Voodoo Swing has recently released its debut CD, it will receive national and worldwide distribution. Bitch all you want boys and girls, but the local rockabilly scene has sparked international interest in the Salt Lake City music scene.

For all the guitar gods that don't like rockabilly, beg, borrow, steal or even buy the new Jeff Beck CD. The title, "Crazy Legs" comes from a Gene Vincent song. The CD is a tribute to Gene Vincent and more specifically his first guitar player, Cliff Gallup. Jeff Beck should be enough of a rock guitar god to have some credibility with all the alternative gods. He plays Gallup's solos almost note for note to the original versions. Gene Vincent and Cliff Gallup inspired Beck to pick up a guitar. When you can play all the solos on this record, start bragging about your guitar godhood, and not until. While we're at it, Neil Young is an inspiration and object of worship for some of you. He also released a rockabilly album. It is currently unavailable, but check the used stores to hear what the current king of feedback thought of rockabilly.

The Jeff Beck CD is easy enough to find in local stores, but how about anything else? Carl Perkins, Roy Orbison, Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, the two Rhino compilations and that's about the extent of



the local rockabilly selection. I'd like to see imports and tiny independent labels, but what about the major label stuff? Where in the hell are the 3 rockabilly CDs from Columbia? They are reissues of the "Rockabilly Stars" set Columbia put out in the early '80s on vinyl. There isn't a store in Utah that stocks them. A Collins Kids CD is listed in the Phonolog, no one has it. Where is the MCA collection, where is the Chess rockabilly collection and where are the Carl Mann, Billy Lee Riley and Charlie Feathers CDs? Looking for the great collection of three rockabilly CDs Sundazed has released over the last three years? "Well, we can special order it for you." How about the best of the batch. The RCA collection titled "Get Hot Or Go Home," it is no where to be found in Salt Lake City.

It is time for rockabilly fans to make their presence and their dollars known. Start asking for rockabilly in the local stores and if any store begins to have a good selection, patronize that store. Tell your friends and tell me. Be-I-Bickey-Bi-Bo-Bo-Go!

by Wheels



468-6235

BAR & GRILL

A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

JANUARY

TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY

4 DOLLY MOPS	5 A BAND AND HIS DOG	6 MUDSHARKS STRETCH ARMSTRONG	7 THE FRANKS	8 ONE EYE
11 PETTING ZOO	12 HEADSHAKE DIVISION	13 PRODIGAL OF SMILES	14 HOUSE OF CARDS VOODOO SWING	15 SLUG GROWIN' GRAPHICS PARTY EVERYTHING IS FREE
18 ABSTRACT	19 THE CUT	20 RAJO DIALO and NAGI MUFFIN	21 THE CHANGE	22
25 AZIS SHADOMPLAY	26 HONEST ENGINE	27 RED #5	28 GAMMA RAYS	29
1 INGOLD ALLEN	2 VOODOO SWING COMMONPLACE	3 TBA	4 RIVERBED JED	5 TBA

ALTERNATIVE MUSIC
EVERY THURSDAY

60 EAST 800 SOUTH

Hotline 533-0340

FREE PARTY

SLUG's 5th Anniversary and GROWIN' GRAPHICS 1st Anniversary

Saturday,
January 15

Live Entertainment by:

HOUSE OF CARDS
TRAILOR PARK SURGE

BAR & GRILL

60 E 800 S • 533-0340
A PRIVATE CLUB FOR MEMBERS

TONS OF FREE PRIZES
NO COVER

EP RELEASE PARTY

COMMONPLACE

with
SPECIAL GUESTS

WATERFRONT

Saturday, January 8th \$5.00
Spin

CLUB DV8 BASEMENT
115 So. West Temple
a private Club for members
NO RESTRICTIONS

DAILY LIVE MUSIC CALENDAR

Wednesday, Jan 5
Dolly Mops - Bar & Grill
The Strangers - Dead Goat
Chevy Fins - Cinema Bar
Thursday, Jan 6
Mudsharks w/ Stretch
Armstrong - Bar & Grill
Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki
Fat Paw - Cinema bar
The Strangers - Dead Goat
Friday, Jan 7
Insatiable - Dead Goat
Plug w/ J. Binder - Cinema Bar
The Franks - Bar & Grill
Chris Duarte - The Zephyr
Saturday, Jan 8
★ Commonplace w/ Waterfront - DV8 Basement
Dollymops w/ Birdman - Cinema Bar
The Obvious - Dead Goat
One Eye - Bar & Grill

Chris Duarte - The Zephyr
Sunday, Jan 9
Goat Pickins - Dead Goat
Rezin - Cinema Bar
Monday, Jan 10
Blue Devils Blues Review w/ The Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
Tuesday, Jan 11
Petting Zoo - Bar & Grill
Elmo's Fire - Dead Goat
Red #5 - Cinema Bar
Wednesday, Jan 12
Headshake w/ Indivision - Bar & Grill
Dolly Mops - Cinema Bar
Too Far Gone - Dead Goat
The Twist Offs - The Zephyr
Thursday, Jan 13
One Eye Open - Cinema Bar
The Cut - Dead Goat
★ Piledriver w/ Suspension of Disbelief - Playschool

Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki
Prodigal of Smiles - Bar & Grill
Zulu Spear - The Zephyr
Friday, Jan 14
Back Wash - Dead Goat
House of Cards w/ Voodoo
Swing - Bar & Grill
Disco Drippers - The Zephyr
One Eye w/ Scabs On Strike - Cinema Bar
Saturday, Jan 15
Killer Clowns - Cinema Bar
Prodigal of Smiles w/ One Eye - Bourbon Street
House of Cards w/ Trallor Park and Surge - Bar & Grill
Disco Drippers - The Zephyr
Back Wash - Dead Goat
Sunday, Jan 16
Goat Pickins - Dead Goat
Main Squeeze - The Zephyr
Van Gogh's Ear - Cinema Bar
Monday, Jan 17
Blue Devils Blues Review w/ The Tempo Timers - Dead Goat
Tuesday, Jan 18
Abstrak - Bar & Grill
Idiots on Guitar - Dead Goat
Wednesday, Jan 19
A Band & His Dog - Dead Goat
The Cut - Bar & Grill
Thursday, Jan 20
Rojo Diablo w/ Raga Muffin - Bar & Grill
Normon Peters & Big Leg - Dead Goat
Too Far Gone - Cinema Bar
Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki
Orqesta Pachanga - The Zephyr
Friday, Jan 21
Reverend Willie w/ Planet Earth - Cinema Bar
★ Scabs on Strike w/ Riverbed
Jed, Doghouse, Dollymops, Mind at Large - DV8 Basement
Armed & Dangerous - Dead Goat
The Change - Bar & Grill
Jerry Joseph & Little Women - The Zephyr
Saturday, Jan 22
The Change - Bar & Grill
Jerry Joseph & Little Women - The Zephyr
Dolly Mops w/ Abstrak - Cinema Bar
Zion Tribe - Dead Goat
Sunday, Jan 23
Goat Pickins - Dead Goat
Birdman - Cinema Bar
Headshake - The Zephyr
Monday, Jan 24
Blue Devils Blues Review w/ The Joanna Connor Band - Dead Goat
Tuesday, Jan 25
3 Pigs - Dead Goat

Rezin - Cinema Bar
Azis w/ Shadowplay - Bar & Grill
Soul Bisquit - The Zephyr
Wednesday, Jan 26
Honest Engine - Bar & Grill
Tribulation - The Zephyr
Back Wash - Dead Goat
Van Gogh's Ear - Cinema Bar
Thursday, Jan 27
Red #5 - Bar & Grill
Mind At Large - Cinema Bar
Tribulation - The Zephyr
Soul Bisquit - Dead Goat
Voodoo Swing - Burts Tiki
Friday, Jan 28
★ Waterfront w/ Mayberry and Marchhare - Playschool
House Of Cards - Dead Goat
Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
Merl Saunders & The Rain
Forest Band - The Zephyr
Doghouse - Cinema Bar
Saturday, Jan 29
The Franks - Dead Goat
Gamma Rays - Bar & Grill
Voodoo Swing - Cinema Bar
Merl Saunders & The Rain
Forest Band - The Zephyr
Sunday, Jan 30
Fender Bender - Cinema Bar
Goat Pickins - Dead Goat
Monday, Jan 31
Blue Devils Blues Review w/ Ron Thompson (Live Broadcast on krci 91FM) - Dead Goat
Tuesday, Feb 1
Ingold Allen - Bar & Grill
Wednesday, Feb 2
★ Quicksand w/ Seaweed abd State Of The Nation - DV8
Basement
Voodoo Swing w/ Commonplace - Bar & Grill
Thursday, Feb 3
Voodoo Swing - Bar & Grill
Friday, Feb 4
Riverbed Jed - Bar & Grill
Backwash - Dead Goat
Dread Zeppelin - The Zephyr
Saturday, Feb 5
★ Daisy Grey w/ Pelican on a Spring and Soap - Playschool
Salsa Brava - The Zephyr
Backwash - Dead Goat
Thursday, Feb 17
★ Rocket From The Crypt w/ 68 Comeback and Iceburn - DV8

★ Indicates an all-age show. No listing indicates the person or club didn't send in their listing or concert information.
Bummer.

If you want him to use a condom,
this is all you have to say.

If you'd like information about condoms, HIV, and HIV prevention, contact 467-7339
Salt Lake Chapter of the American Red Cross for HIV/AIDS presentations or to be a volunteer HIV instructor





771-7048

growin' graphics



raunch

1121 WILMINGTON AVE
(801) 484-3778